

PHOENIX 1981



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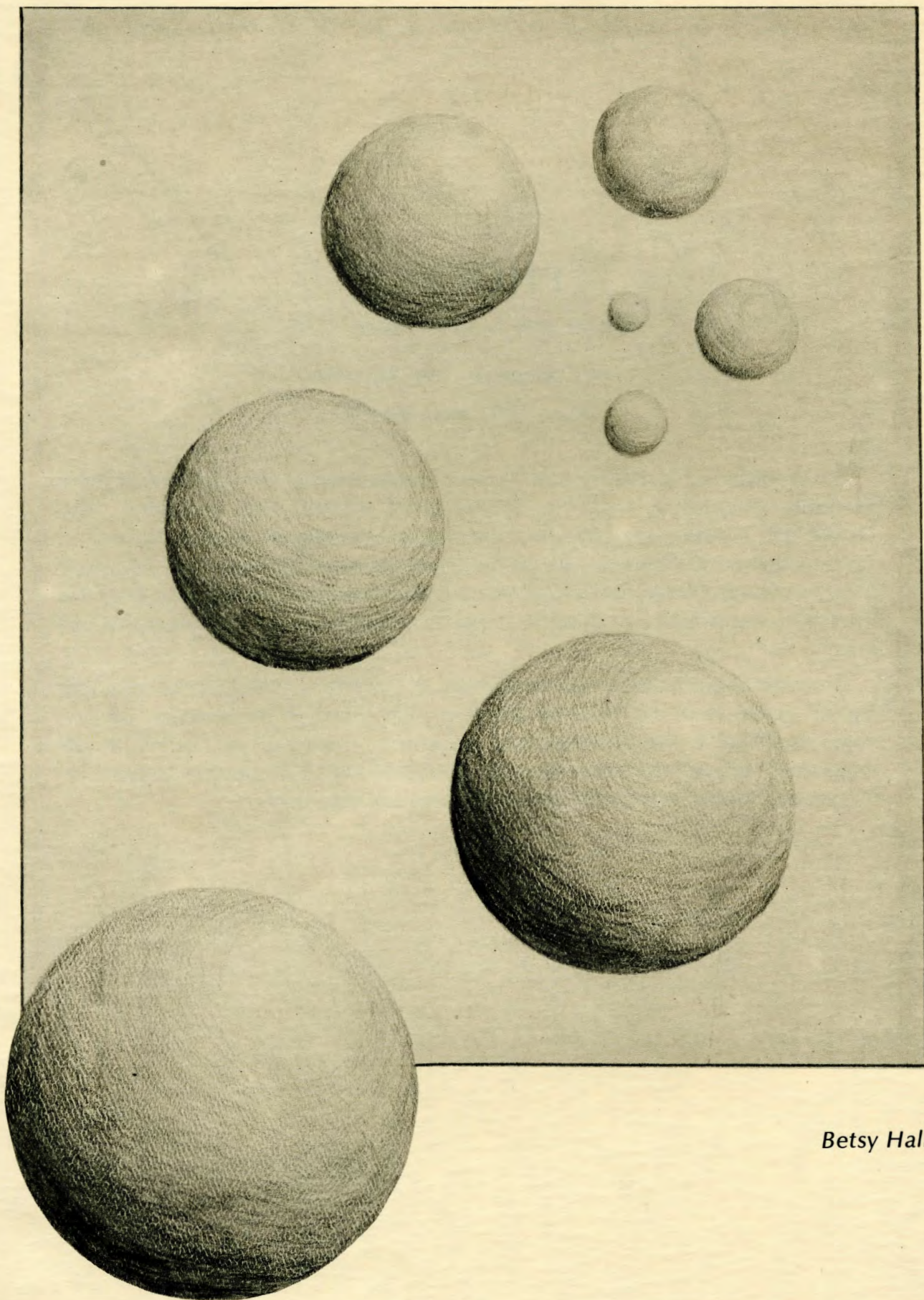
Literary and Graphic Publication

The College of New Rochelle

May, 1981 Volume VII

The tradition of a literary and graphic publication at the College of New Rochelle originated with the QUARTERLY, CNR's first magazine. The QUARTERLY had become the most distinguished collegiate publication on the Eastern Seaboard. However, during the uncertain period of the 1960's, student interest waned. Today, the PHOENIX magazine is endeavoring to continue the time-honored practice of publishing poetry, creative prose, photography and art.

The present publication was named after the mythical bird, the Phoenix. The legend states that the Phoenix lived for 500 years in the Arabian desert, consumed itself in fire, and then rose anew from its own ashes. The PHOENIX magazine has risen from the ashes of the QUARTERLY and hopes to have an increasing importance to the entire College community.



Betsy Hall

PHOENIX 1981

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-Special Thanks To-

James Magee, Elizabeth Monaghan OSU, Bernard McMahon
The Communication Arts Department
and
The Office of the Dean of Arts and Sciences

-This magazine includes the work of-

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Terry Cullen	Pat Kneen
Casey Cunningham	Carol Lathuras
Maura Donnelly	Melanie R.E. McCarthy
Nancy DuPilka	Susan Mulroy
Betsy Hall	Sandra M. Phipps
Terry Harrison	Lisa Romano
	Elizabeth Smith

5/11/81
Lipt

I run
there is an urgency—
yet
I am not happy.

I run
so much to do,
so little time—
yet
it is all commitments.

I run
delving into my work,
trying desperately to hide—
yet
I am not a person,
just a product of my times.

Casey Cunningham

Separate Worlds

Empty words divide the living
As earth divides the dead,
A chasm seldom crossed to join
The worlds in which we live.
We dwell in rooms, creating tombs,
Where life becomes routine;
Where strangers dare not enter
Beyond our self-made screens.
And even those in nearby rooms
Who share our lives, it seems,
Rely on walls, dividing halls—
Why bridge the gap between?
We all exist in separate worlds,
Our privacy unblamed
But shelters bred of silence
Grow rampant and untamed.
When passages beyond your walls
Are not kept lit and clear
An echo from within may be
The only song you hear.

Lisa Romano



Theresa Harrison

PORTRAITS

A born girl marries.
No seeking friend now finds her.
Gone her father's name.

Child of her own womb
Alone she walks together
Gathering a world.

Hands once were humus.
I form clay pots between them.
Ashes to ashes.

P. Haley Kneen

The wind has a way
of doing that to the world
It clouds it with a grey, dull
old blanket
Like the wrinkles in Mama's
hand when the octagon
soap gets to them.
That young woman-child sat
with her loneliness and rocked
in Mama's old chair
I saw through the cracks in the
ceiling her yearning for a dream
like the winds outside, her dreams
rambled, covering no real ground.
That young woman-child wearing
yesterday's jeans came downstairs
and didn't stare at me . . . but
I knew she wanted to say "I Love You".

-to my sister, DJ

Judi LaDguene Jones



Claudia Besser

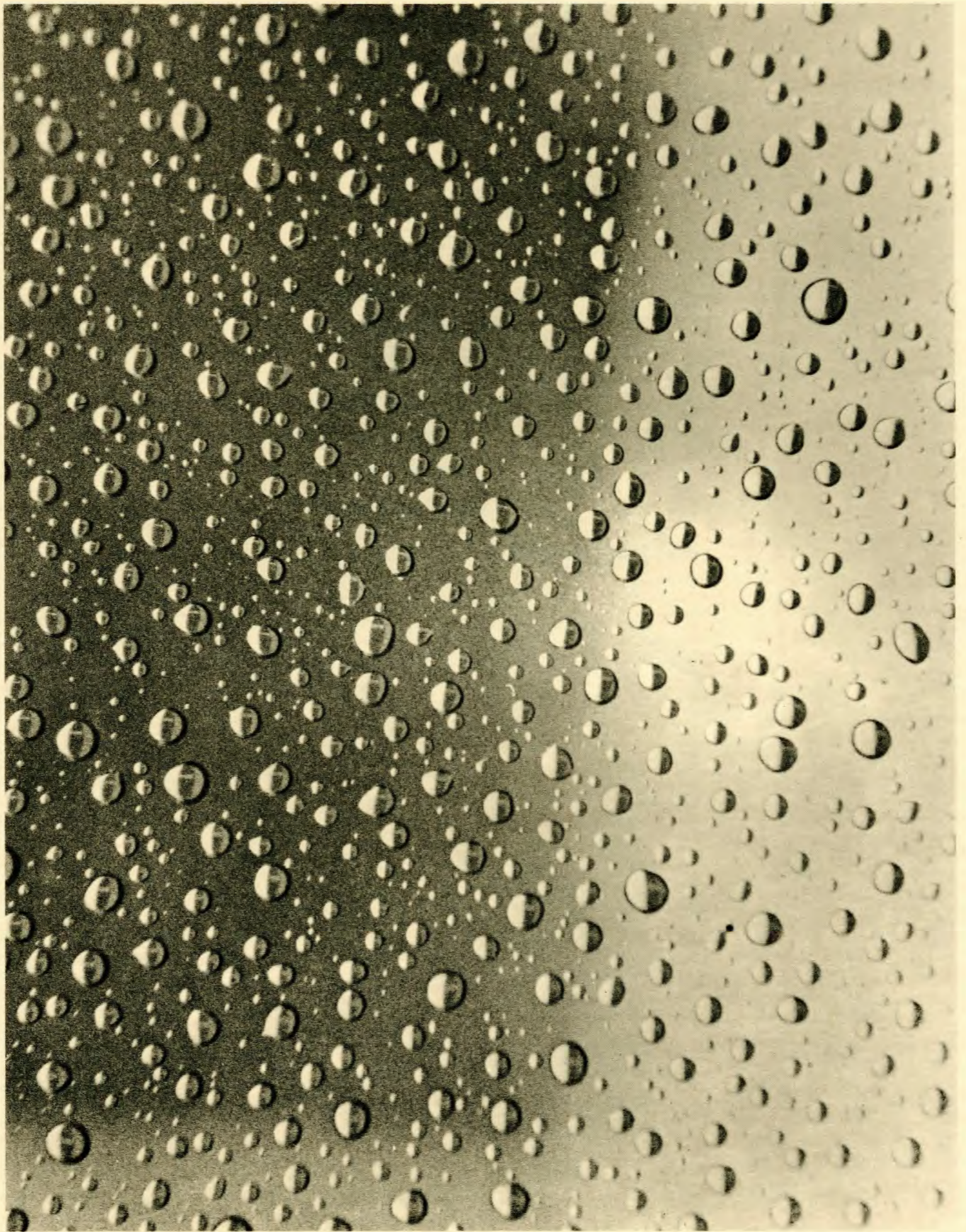
I remember when the
triangles tripped
and Jesus jumped over
waterproof hearts
and bottles broke
and lights splashed
and fairies died
and truths were seen
and believed
and hair reached to feet
and love reached to me
and eggs grew into Gods
and loneliness screamed
and madness laughed
and no one heard
and everyone cried
and wise ones waited
and liquids slapped
and fogs gave answers
and lesson plans to care
and frustration flew
and ice moaned
and eyes knew why
but never told
why colors turn to dust—

Carol Lathuras

The winter afternoon
 refuses to go away;
it lurks behind
 the doors and passageways.
Any novelty it had ever held
 vanished long ago,
And what remains
 continues to haunt,
Smirking, languishing—
 amongst the crumpled leaves
 and taunting winds.

Inside I stay
 banishing myself from your
 Insolence
(the muted echos of a forgotten warmth).
 Dreaming of the cool, clear
 rain of spring—
As it cascades
 from the clouds
 into
the puddles of my youth.

Maura Donnelly



Susan Mulroy

for a moment
I stand before you,
Naked,
in the light—
until I am jaded
by the shadows
thrown by Night.

Casey Cunningham



Mary Alfinito

Departure,
it's time again;
I pound the walls, you do not hear the echoes,
how could I expect time to unblock your ears?
The high-pitched spirals still spin onward, downward,
I despise your petty tears, using me as a washcloth.
When I stepped off the train,
anticipating more books to open,
a past voice spoke, "the libraries will be closed"
but the death fear no longer chased,
the birth had passed its final contractions,
the painful light basked my fresh skin.
Within the womb, you have chosen to return,
I smell death, hungry wolves and scared rabbits,
victims of their own sacrifice, their own gods.
Here, I sang my ballads alone,
the silent darkness spoke the words,
bitterness ate my soul, a daily meal,
I thought I'd left it on some city street;
fear not this returning anger, little children,
I will leave you your pillowed walls and darkness,
I go back to the lights, not to disprove you,
you will never understand why I chose to close the door,
but to show I am whole, at long last.

Kathleen M. Kelly

laying awake in the sultry heat
waiting . . .
knowing a shot will sound
daring not to move
a baby screams from the room upstairs and i jump
the woman curses, and shuffles over to stop it
the kids in the street come in after playing all night
they ramble up the stairs
pounding their fists on the wall
and then it crashes against the sullen night
i hold my breath
the baby cries on as the woman
creaks the floor above me

nancy dupilka

Sick Letters

words spilled magnetically
from the mind to the
lines making it real
u real

the imprint left by the words
made me high with beauty
AND A Sense of Attention was
overwhelming
u overwhelming

the words enveloped your arms
above and beyond me
making it real
u real

Suddenly almost the words
turn to stone no weight appeared
upon my heart to make it real
u real

words, letters, sy-l-la-bles, turned to
vulgar imprints which left
an overwhelming pain
in my brain
u brain

all of A sudden the words enveloped my heart making it seem stupid,
revengeful, deathful and sick sick sick letters ... sick
letters represent sick hearts/sick minds/sick dispositions/sick love ...
sick alphabets/sick sy-l-la-bles/sick letters ... didn't someone say, or
was it written in the air words are irrevocable

Judi LaDguene Jones



Mary Alfinito

Processes II

Shadow,
Gloom,
Emptiness
pass quickly
over my senses when I hear,
"Grandma passed away at 4:30 today."

A sigh of relief,
A tear of sadness,
A sneer of disbelief
come and go,
 and come again.

This time,
 though,
They come slower and
 with more thought.

Thought that brings memories of
icinged Christmas cookies,
\$5 bills in birthday cards,
Grandma's kitchen smells,
backyard swings,
and broken arms.

Tears come slowly.
They are filtered
first
through knowledge of death and dying,
second
through practical thoughts of the time
 before her death,
third

through a greatly desired self-control.

After the process

my feelings should have diffused,
but they concentrate,
and crowd around my heart.

They stifle

creativeness,

the flow of my life.

The knot

in my chest

eases

when

God's hand massages it
till my feelings let go.

Peace,

like a river,

passes through.

Peace,

like a river,

in my soul.

Liz Smith



Sandra M. Phipps



Patricia Kelley



Mary Alfinito

Youth on Wheels

Youth on wheels
down the street
wind in your face
hair flying
legs pumping.

There is exhilaration
In every movement of
your body
Face red
Smile bright
Electric eyes.

You reflect the
glory of a fall day
all by yourself
just you
your youth
and
your roller skates.

Margaret Byrnes

The Unveiling

Crazy haze
 hovers over me
while lazy Phoebus
 Mounts his velvet habitat;
hypnotizing jewel dew
 on wet sand.
The outgoing tide teases
 my toes,
tickling tender tendons;
 abruptly
magnitized by the dowager Atlantic
 attracting beyond the horizon.
Swirling foam
 cunningly encircles
magnificent giant prints;
 Ambush!
Tearing, then gulping;
 digesting beyond the coral reef.
Crabby battalions awaken to
 the Delphian reveille;
scurrying through muddy rivers,
 scavengers at arms
 with
great soaring parasitic beaks
 whining
over sandy mountains
 where
I stand solely
 with Zephyr
stroking my tall neck.

Melanie R.E. McCarthy

Love me,
 but with no permanent commitments.
I still need to be free.

Soar with me.
See my world through my eyes—
 the eyes of a child.

They are innocent—
 too naive and trusting
 to see through lies . . . (yours?).

Teach me.
Help me to learn
 things of life and love.
Laugh with me . . . (at me?)
Point out my flaws
 but don't try to correct me.
My faults are my own.
Besides, I wouldn't do that to you.

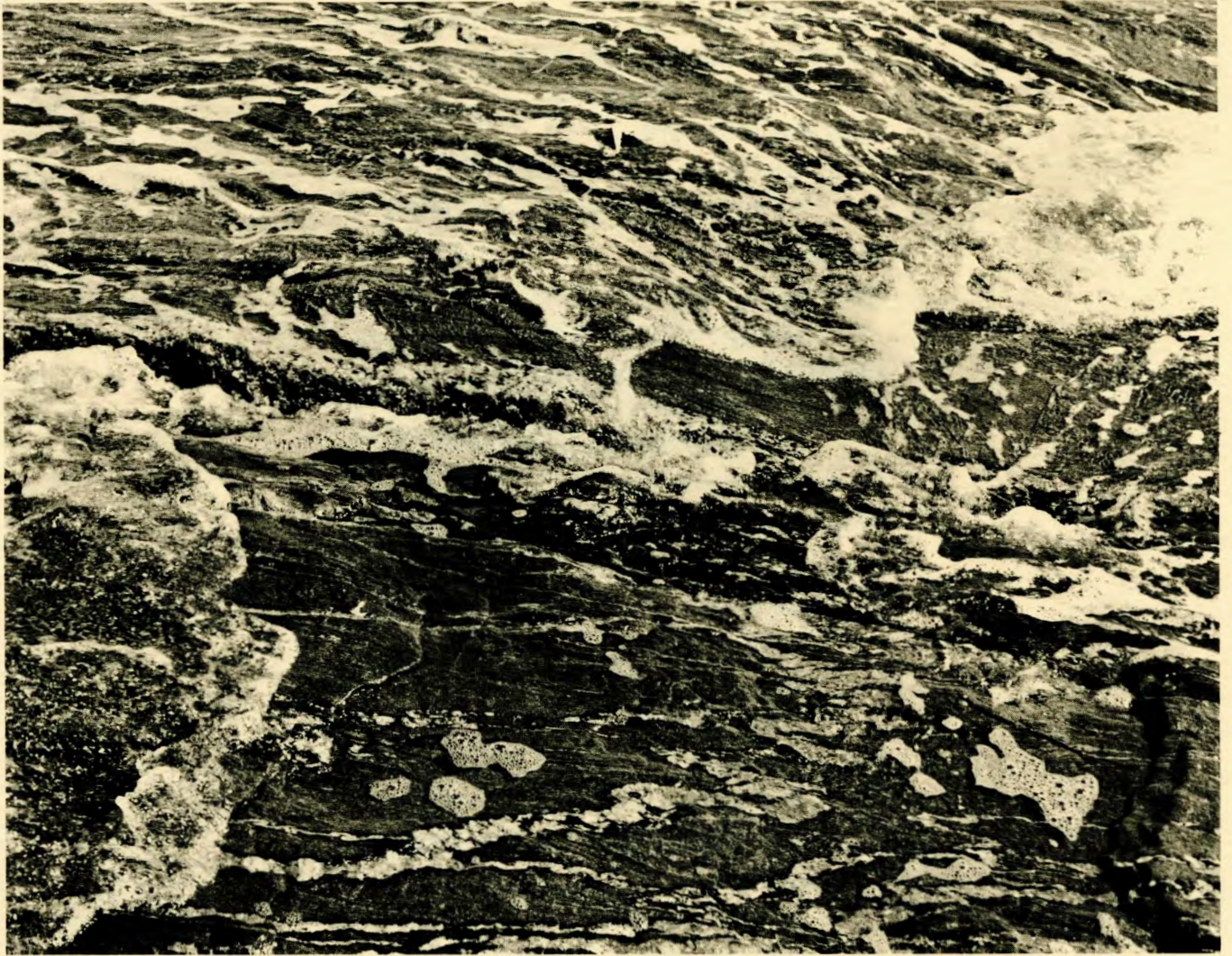
Walk with me.
Every once in a while
 embrace me,
 because within your arms
 I feel loved and secure.

Kiss me gently,
 but again,
 don't be serious for too long.

You see,
 it frightens me,
 for I am still a dreamer.

Buy me balloons
 and cotton candy.
Help to fulfill my childhood fantasies
 before adult realities come,
 (like rushing waves on the beach)
 toppling the castles I've built
 in the sand and air.

Casey Cunningham



Claudia Besser

Cool, damp air washed over Maggie's face as she quietly padded down the front steps. Everyone else was still recovering from Saturday night's excesses. Maggie had overslept a little; only patches remained on the wall of fog that usually greeted her.

She turned down Taravel Street, catching as she did so that first, hazy glimpse of the water. The quickening wind caught her dark hair and whipped it into her face. She began to wake up. She started to walk a little faster: maybe she could still have some time on a deserted beach. Crowds made her paranoid, and tired--tired of being inside the head of everyone she saw, everyone who saw her; tired of trying to second guess everyone. She knew it was silly, but old habits die hard. Anyway, these walks seemed to help her; to give her time to be just Maggie.

It was getting warmer. The fog was almost gone. Maggie pulled her sweatshirt over her head and tied its arms around her waist. The wind caught the sleeves of her T-shirt. She was almost there.

She tasted salt, and slowly became aware of the wavesound -- her second heartbeat, punctuated by the awakening gulls' cries.

She stretched out on the sand, breaking through the warm, thin crust to the cooler dampness underneath. The sand shifted to fit the curve of her neck and

shoulders, sifting through her fingers as they settled under her head.

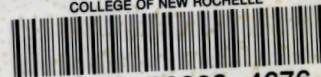
She raised her head by pointing her elbows at the sea, trying to take in all the colors around her. The endless variations on a blue beige theme always made her feel like grabbing a brush and watercolors, or a camera -- anything to catch it. But then the slow steadiness of the sea fooled her into thinking that it would always be there, and she contented herself with mental fragments of the whole. She lowered her head and closed her eyes. Now all she could see was the inside of her eyelids, now pink, now gold, orange, white.

She stayed that way, watching the colors change, until she felt vibrations bouncing up her spine. She opened her eyes to see a small boy race in front of her, followed by his panting father.

It was time to go home.

Terry Cullen





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